The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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The Foundling.

ALL the long night a poor kitty was lying
Out on the door-step, the dear little pet!
Crouched in a corner and feebly crying,
"Please let me in; I am hungry and wet."

Nobody showed her a morsel of pity,
And wildly the rain and the tempest did roar;
Nobody cared that a poor little kitty
Was crying, "Please open the window or door."

"Give me a corner, no matter how narrow—
Only a shelter from weather and wind;
I have no nest like the mouse or the sparrow,
A cold, dripping door-step is all I can find."

Long after daylight we heard the faint mewing,
"A kitty!" cries Jenny, and springs out of bed,
Steps to the door to see what she is doing,
And finds the poor creature is very near dead.

But Jenny soon had her wrapt up in her tire,
And Effie and Bella brought milk in a dish,
And Gip was delighted, and Tom lit the fire,
And kitty soon had all a kitty could wish.

—*Young Peoples Magazine.*

Our Children.

As the fragrance of the roses,
As it floats upon the breeze;
As the voice of feathered songster,
As it warbles from the trees;
As the singing of the brooklet,
As it murmurs through the vale;
As the song of birds at even,
With their soft and pensive wail;
As the glory of the morning,
When the sun dispels the gloom;
As the beauty of the landscape,
When it's clad in early bloom;
As the beauty of the diamond
When it sparkles in the light,—
Are the voices of our children,
As they sweetly say, "Good-night!"

He liveth long who liveth well;
All else is life but flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

The Mittens.

DO you want to know why children wear mittens, and not gloves, like grown persons? Listen, and I will tell you.

Once upon a time, a mother went out, and said to the five little fingers, "Children when I am not at home, behave well, and do what I tell you. If you are kind and obedient, I will bring each of you a little house, where you can live when it is cold in winter."

"O, mother!" exclaimed the five fingers, "we will certainly mind; only tell us what we must do!"

Then their mother answered,—

"The fore-finger must point abroad,
The middle-finger can only nod,
The third finger strict guard must keep,
Lest the little one into mischief creep,
And the baby thumb must watch and see
That all the rest obedient be."

"Now go, mother dear," said the fore-finger, "I'll certainly be attentive, and point prettily, if you will only bring me something."

Then the middle-finger cried out, "I will promise to be polite, and bow nicely, if you will bring me a little house too, for I am the biggest one!"

"I will certainly keep watch, that my little brother does not get into mischief," cried the ring-finger; "but my house must be the prettiest!"

"No! mine!" exclaimed the little-finger;

"mine must be prettier than all the rest—and then I won't make a bit of noise."

But the baby thumb only said:

"Mother, dear, I will do just what you say!"

But their mother had only been gone a very few minutes, when the fore-finger exclaimed,

"It is very stupid and tedious to be so good, and to point all the time. I want to rest a minute. So he lay down.

"Ah, you lazy thing!" replied the middle-finger; "it is much more fatiguing to be so industrious, and bow all the time," and he was going to lie down too; but the fore-finger jumped up, and gave him a blow, crying, "How dare you find fault with me! You are lazy yourself, you wicked boy!"

Then the middle-finger struck him again, the fore-finger returned it; and who knows how long they might have fought, if the ring-finger had not called out,

"Arn't you ashamed of yourselves? One of you is as bad as the other. See how I torture myself, and stand here, keeping watch all the time. I mean to stop and rest, and let you great fellows keep guard over your little brother!"

"What!" exclaimed the fore-finger and middle-finger, "you little rogue, do you pretend to dictate and find fault with your brothers? There, stop now!"

Then they both began to beat the ring-finger. He turned, with all his strength, and struck the little-finger, which he had the care of. The little one gave a dreadful scream, and then began to scratch, as well as he could. But, just as they were in the hottest of the fight the door opened, and their mother came in.

O, how frightened the naughty fingers were! They hung their heads, and were so ashamed they could not speak.

Finally, the middle-finger, said that the fore-finger was lazy and he would not allow it. But the fore-finger laid the blame on the middle-finger, and said he began the quarrel. The ring-finger blamed them both, and the little finger complained of all.

Then their mother spoke, and said "You are four naughty, disobedient children, who deserve to be punished. See here, what I have brought for you!" And drew a beautiful glove out of her pocket. On it was found five houses, just as large as the five fingers. One was for the thumb, one for the middle-finger, and one for the little-finger.

"But you cannot have these pretty houses now," said the mother. Then she went out, and soon returned with another kind of glove.

"Look!" she exclaimed, this has only one separate house, which belongs entirely to little thumb, because he is good and obedient. You others must live together, and soon as you become kind and obedient, then you shall have a house of your own."

And there it was; the four fingers might entreat as much as they could, it would not help them. Ever since this time, so many little children wear mittens; but when they grow tall, and become good, then they can wear gloves.

—*Sel.*

The Proud Mother.

Good-day, Madame Quack,
With your young on your track;
Quite early you're out:
What are they about,—
Those bright little things,
With their short downy wings?"

"You know, sir, I see,
What ducklings should be:
Your taste I commend,
My civil young friend;
For are they not beauties,
And prompt in their duties?"

"In the pond they can paddle
On the land they can waddle;
They can dive; they can flutter;
'Quack, quack!' they can utter.
I'm proud of their learning,
And the farm they are earning."

"I'm glad of your luck,
You good Mother Duck:
If the young did but know
What joy they bestow
When attentive and good,
They would try all they could."

—*Nursery.*

Hats Off.

Off with your hat, my boy, when you enter the house. Gentlemen *never* keep their hats on in the presence of ladies; and, if you always take yours off when mamma and the girls are by, you will not forget yourself, or be mortified, when a guest or stranger happens to be in the parlor. Habit is stronger than any thing else; and you will always find that the easiest way to make sure of doing right on all occasions is to get into the habit of doing right. Good manners can not be put on at a moment's warning.

Crosses are ladders leading to heaven.

I Must do More for my Mother.

"Is there any vacant place in this bank which I could fill?" was the inquiry of a boy, as with a glowing cheek he stood before the president.

"There is none," was the reply. "Were you told that you might obtain a situation here; who recommended you?"

"No one recommended me sir," calmly answered the boy; "I only thought I would see."

There was a straight-forwardness in the manner, and honest determination in the countenance of the lad which pleased the man of business, and induced him to continue the conversation, He said:

"You must have friends who would aid you in obtaining a situation. Have you advised with them?"

The quick flash of the deep blue eyes was quenched in the overtaking wave of sadness as he said, though half musingly:

"My mother said it would be useless to try without friends." Then recollecting himself, he apologized for the interruption, and was about to withdraw, when the gentleman detained him by asking why he did not remain a year or two longer at school, and then enter the business world.

"I have no time," was the instant reply; 'but I study at home, and keep up with the other boys."

"Then you have a place already," said his interrogater; why did you leave it?"

"I have not left it," answered the boy, quietly.

"Yes, but you wish to leave it; what is the matter?"

"For an instant the child hesitated, then he replied, with a half reluctant frankness, "I must do more for my mother."

"Brave words! Talisman of success anywhere and everywhere. They sank into the heart of the listener, recalling the radiant past. Grasping the hand of the astonished child, he said with a quivering voice:

"My good boy, what is your name? You shall fill the first vacancy for an apprentice that occurs in the bank. If, in the meantime, you want a friend, come to me. But now give me your confidence. Why do you want more for your mother? Have you no fathe?"

Tears filled his eyes as he replied: "My father is dead; my brother and sister are dead; and mother and I are left alone to help each other. But she is not strong, and I want to take care of her. It will please her, sir that you have been so kind, and I am obliged to you."

So saying, the boy left, little dreaming that his own nobleness of character had been as a bright glance of sunshine into that busy world he had so tremblingly entered.—*S. S. Times.*

Little Tangles.

"Once there was a king, who employed his people to weave for him. The silk and patterns were all given by the king. He told the workers that, when any difficulty arose, they should send to him, and he would help them, and never to fear troubling him.

"Among many men and women busy at the looms, there was one little child who worked cheerfully, though often alone. One day, when the men and women were distressed at the sight of their failures,—their silks were tangled, and their weaving unlike the pattern,—they gathered round the child, and said,—

"'Tell us how it is that you are so happy in your work. We are always in difficulties.'

"'Then why do you not send to the king?' said the little weaver. "He told us that we might do so."

"'So we do, night and morning.'

"'Ah!' said the child; 'but I send *directly* when I find I have a little tangle.'

"So let us take all our wants and troubles directly to the Lord in prayer. He invites us so to do, and promises to help us."

Be Good.

God does not say, "Be beautiful," "Be wise,"
Be aught that man in man will overprize;
Only "Be Good," the tender Father cries,

We seek to mount the still-ascending stair
To greatness, glory, and the crowns they bear;
We mount to fall heart-sickened in despair.

The purposes of life misunderstood
Baffle and wound us, but God only would
That we should heed his simple words—"Be Good."
—*Sel.*

A LITTLE girl was promised a present when she had mastered the three R's, (reading, writing and arithmetic) and she soon came to claim it, because she could say, "We are, you are, they are."

AN officer has no right to arrest a sailor for crime. It is illegal to commit a salt.

Norway Fishing.

HOW would you dear children, who are looking at this picture, like to live in Norway, and be dressed in bear and wolf skins as these little Norwegian children are?

If you did live in Norway, you would have to be contented to live almost wholly upon fish; and I suppose you would be interested to go and stand beside your father, and see the fish caught through holes in the ice, just as these children are doing. Some of you no doubt, would like just such a little dog as this, to watch the hole from which his dinner was to be taken.

But you would not need to be moved so far from your present home as to Norway, in order to live much the kind of life which these little children are living.

In the northern part of Michigan, on Saginaw Bay, there is a colony of people who live very much as the Norwegian fishermen live. I am sure that you will be interested to read what Mrs. Bingham who talked to you so long through the columns of the MYRTLE, writes of these Saginaw fishermen, she says:

"A thousand shanties, stand at this moment

on the ice of Saginaw Bay, with fishermen living in them for the winter and stores and groceries for the supply of the colony. The fisherman warms his shanty with a tiny stove by which also he does his cooking. And he cuts a hole in his ice floor and fishes under cover. Snug living it seems; but if he were to cut his fishing hole in the open ice he must darken it with a blanket, or the fish will keep shy of it, so he comfortably does his fishing indoors, and he does a deal of it, too, as one may judge when five-pounders may be brought by the bushel for a penny a piece. These are the common kinds, of course, but twenty-pound trout, pickerel and all toothsome inhabitants of fresh waters, are the prey of the skilful spears. And so engaged do the fishermen become that they sometimes float out to lake on their ice-floor in the spring before they fairly know it. Quite a colony disappeared in this way last year and though all escaped with their lives, a boat load of seven or eight men who went to their rescue, were lost."

When to Begin.

"That you may find success," said Rev. Chas. Brooks, in an address to boys, "Let me tell you how to proceed. To-night begin your great plan of life. You have only one life to live, and it is immeasurably important that you do not make a mistake. To-night begin carefully. Fix your eye on the fortieth year of your age, and then say to yourself, "At the age of forty I will be a temperate man, an industrious man, an economical man, a benevolent man, a well-read man, a religious man, and a useful man. I will be such an one. I resolve, and I will stand to it.' My young friends, let this resolution be firm as adamant; let it stand like the oak which cannot be wind-shaken."

A BANK must be a poor place to impart a secret, as there is a cash ear and a teller there constantly.

For the Myrtle.

Benares.

WHERE is the city of Benares? Who of our many little readers can answer this question without going to the Geography?

Would you like to go with me for a few moments to this far famed city, to see what we can learn of it?

We find first the waters of a beautiful river on whose banks the city stands, and when you ask me the name of the river, and I tell you that it is the Ganges, you will all remember, I hope, much that you have heard and read about it.

It is considered a very sacred river, and many of the people worship it. While we are looking at this water, and thinking how strange it is that any one can worship a river as God, twenty thousand people rush by us, and all plunge into the water at the same moment. These are pilgrims who have come many of them from long distances, that they may bathe in these sacred waters, and so be made clean of sin and disease. One hundred thousand of these pilgrims come every year to Benares to bathe in the Ganges.

If we ask this man standing on the street corner, why so many more pilgrims come to Benares than to other points on the river, he will immediately answer, that Benares is the centre of the earth, that it is the most sacred city in the world, and eighty thousand steps nearer to heaven than any other spot on this planet. He will also tell us that ten miles around this city is

holy ground, and that any one dying within this ten miles, will be sure of going to heaven however great a sinner he may have been.

This man, with whom we are talking, is a brahmin or priest, and belongs to the first class or caste, as they are called in India. There are four castes. First, priests, second, soldiers, third merchants and farmers, fourth, laborers. No one is allowed to marry or associate out of his own caste. If any one breaks this law, he becomes pariah, or outcast, and is despised by all.

While we are talking with this priest, he hears a bell approaching, and immediately he steps to the inside of the walk that he may not be touched by the man wearing the bell. This bell-wearer is a poor pariah, who coming round the street corner, is as much frightened lest he touch the priest, as the priest himself is afraid of the touch. All his life he must wear a bell, that the higher caste people may stand out of the way when they hear him coming.

Here in the middle of our path, as we walk up the street, is a white bull. He is lying directly in our way and we must get him up before we can pass on. But how can we do this? He is in a very deep sleep, and very lazy when we wake him, and not at all inclined to stir. We cannot strike him to make him get up. If we do, the people will treat us worse than they do the pariah's. They consider these white bulls holy, and would on no account have a blow given them, and so the lazy creatures go about the street poking their noses into the doors of shops or houses, and lying down wherever they please to take their after dinner nap.

Here we get into a crowd of monkeys, who are also considered sacred animals, and no one must harm them whatever mischief they do. You are eating that nice cake which you bought at the stall—but one of the monkeys snatches it from your hand, and eats it greedily himself. They will take food wherever they see it, and no one must say them nay.

Perhaps you do not like stopping in this city where the monkeys and bulls have so many more privileges than the children. Then we will leave far-famed Benares, and see if we cannot be better contented in the Christian country where we were born, and live.

E. M. B.

SOMEBODY says that a miser gets rich by seeming poor, and an extravagant man gets poor by seeming rich.

The Follower.

We have a youngster in the house,
A little man of ten,
Who dearest to his mother is
Of all God's little men.
In-doors and out he clings to her;
He follows up and down;
He steals his slender hand in hers
He plucks her by the gown,
"Why do you cling to me so, child
You track me everywhere:
You never let me be alone,"
And he with serious air,
Answered, as closer still he drew,
"My feet were made to follow you.
Two years before the boy was born
Another child, of seven,
Whom heaven had lent to us a while,
Went back again to Heaven.
He came to fill his brother's place,
And bless our faling years;
The good God sent him down in love
To dry our useless tears,
I think so, mother, for I hear
In what the child has said
A meaning that he knows not of,
A message from the dead.
He answered wiser than he knew,
"My feet were made to follow you"

Come here, my child, and sit with me,
Your head upon my breast;
You are the last of all my sons,
And you must be the best.
How much I love you, you may guess,
When, grown a man like me,
You sit as I am sitting now,
Your child upon your knee.
Think of me then, and what I said
(And practiced when I could.)
"'Tis something to be wise and great.
'Tis better to be good,
Oh, say to all things good and true,
'My feet were made to follow you!'"

Come here, my wife, and sit by me,
And place your hand in mine
(And yours, my child;) while I have you
'Tis wicked to repine.
We've had our share of sorrows, love;
We've had our graves to fill;
But thank the good God overhead,
We have each other still!
We've nothing in the world besides,
For we are only three;
Mother and child, *my* wife and child,
How dear you are to me!
I know—indeed, I always knew,
My feet were made to follow you!

AN old lady, was admiring the beautiful picture called "saved." "It's no wonder," said she, "that the poor child fainted after pulling that great dog out of the water."

MANY opinions go for nothing—it costs nothing to "ex-press them."

How the Crown Grew Golden with Stars.

MAMIE.

I would that I could tell you
In words that might explain
Half the wonders that I dream of
But I fear the task is vain.
You know, our morning lesson
Was typical of prayer,
And we chose each a blossom
The meaning to declare.
Prayer was invocation, Alice,
That was your task to tell
What letter of God's alphabet
Of flowers, should speak it well.

ALICE.

Yes, Invocation was my word,
And I thought—pure lips speak best;
So, on the fair white Rose heart
I let the sweet prayer rest.

HELEN,

And mine was Adoration,
'Twas hard, such praper to shrine,
But, I chose the royal Moss-Rose,
Emblem of love divine.
And when my lips adoring,
Trembled to call his name,
Its sweet breath seemed to whisper,
For you the Saviour came.

LILY.

Petition, mine; I've chosen
The Myrtle's trembling leaf,
And the dew so like the tear-drops
That fall in hours of grief.

EDITH.

Mine was beautiful; Thanksgiving!
My heart is echoing yet
The words: so on the shrine
I lay the Mignonette.
For that is always blooming,
'Tis lowly, sweet, and fair,
And such should be the incense
Of grateful hearts in prayer.

MAMIE.

To me was given, Confession.
In my dream the word was plain,
And the deeds of my short life
Seemed to cover me with shame.

EMMA.

I think you're dreaming still, Mamie,
Or was it but a dream?
For in fancy, thoughts are misty,
And words not what they seem.

So wake up. Build no castles
That vanish in the air;
There's enough of joy around you,
For the earth is very fair.

MAMIE.

Yes, very fair, but brighter
Than any words can tell
Was the world where in my dreaming,
My spirit sought to dwell.
I thought I saw our Sunday School
Pressing toward the goal,
So gloriously golden,
The bright Home of the soul!
As they reached the gates of pearl
Shining angels stopped the way,
And as each one sought to enter,
I heard a clear voice say:
"Have you brought a star to glisten
In the crown our Lord will give
To those who love and serve Him,
Ere they come with Him to live?"
"We love Him," said the children.
Who sought to enter in.
"Do you love Him? where's the starlight
Of your deeds of love for him?"

Then I dropped my head. Confusion!
Oh! if I had better loved,
I thought, when in the earth-home,
My love I could have proved.

Some little word I might have said,
To cheer a weary heart,
Something denied myself to give
For His cause some small part,
The mission work I might have saved
An offering for Him,
Then the starlight on my golden crown
Would not have been so dim!

Some, in my dreams were ready
With the angels to go in,
And we could hear the echo
Of their welcome chorus hymn.
Some, with kindly hand, had fashioned
A dress for Want's pale child,
Some, a wanderer had sheltered
From the storm wind fierce and wild.

Some had given time, some money,
To send God's word afar
Where no Gospel light was shining:
Their crown had each a star.
Some, each week their pence had gathered
For the mission work at home;
'Twas not told perhaps in earth words,
But there in Heaven 'twas known.
Each deed was written in the Book,
Remembrance was its name,
And many a name is there in gold,
Here all unknown to fame!

EMMA.

Oh! blessed are the merciful;
Give and we shall receive
More, and more, a hundred fold;
If His word we believe.
'Tis better far to give; mercy
Has two-fold blessings sure,
And a crown of glory is for all
Who to the end endure!

S. S. Companion.

PSALMS lv. 22.

"I have two sermons to report to-night Jimmy," said Andrew as he came into the parlor and took his seat by his brother in the firelight.

"I don't wish but one of them,' Jimmy replied, "I don't believe in going to meeting twice a day.

"I think you will have no objection to hearing them both, since they are on the same subject, and so nearly one, that you cannot separate them."

"Then if I cannot get them apart, they are one, and you need not have told me that you were going to preach two sermons."

"We shall see if you do not think so when I am done."

"Well, go on. But remember I shall stop you if you really do try to preach two sermons. One is as much as a little boy can hear in one day."

"Then we will divide the sermon into firstly and secondly, and that will be preaching in the most approved style.

Firstly—I heard late last evening that Jonas Eldridge had met with a sad accident."

"What was it Andrew?"

"He was caught in the machinery at the mill where he works, and very badly injured. It was too late when I heard of it, for me to get down there last night, so I rose early this morning, and went before going to church."

"How did you find him?"

"Much worse than I feared. He is living, but disabled for life. One leg had to be taken off, and three fingers of the right hand are gone."

"Oh, that is terrible Andrew."

"Yes Jimmy, it is very terrible. It is a great misfortune for any one to be deprived of the use of their body while they stay in this world, where bodies seem so necessary. But in Jonas' case the misfortune is double, since he is the only son of a widowed mother depending on him for her support and that of his two little sisters.

"What will they do Andrew?"

"That was the question that I asked myself, and I expected to find Mrs. Eldridge entirely overcome; but to my surprise, she is as calm as if no misfortune had happened. When I said to her 'what will you do?' she replied without hesitation, I will trust in the Lord. He has promised that he will not leave us nor forsake us when we are in need of Him, and now is my time to feel out for his strong hand.'

When I said 'I think it must be very hard to trust under such circumstances,' she immediately replied, 'No, it is easy if you have believed His promises. We could walk on a crutch only with difficulty if our limbs were well, but let lameness overtake us, and then, the crutches seem easy and natural.'"

"Oh Andrew, this seems very beautiful."

"Yes it is beautiful, and I walked on to church after I left that cottage, thinking what a blessing such confidence and trust brings to us in affliction. I was almost afraid to hear the sermon, lest it should drive the thought out of my mind; but to my delight the very same thought was in all the service. The sermon was from that beautiful text in the Psalms, 'Cast thy burden on the Lord,' and all the way through it was just the widow's story over again. It is in the storm the minister said that the ship needs its anchor: in winter that we need a cloak; in the scorching sun the shadow of the great rock; in trouble, faith, and when we can no longer help ourselves, but are in the very most hopeless circumstances, then we need to cast all our care upon Him who careth for us, and lie down in the arms of God as a little babe lies in the arms of its mother.

Jimmy was silent for a long time, and then he said,

"Andrew do you think I could ever do that?"

"Yes Jimmy it is the only thing that you *can* do. You can not carry your own burdens, but God can help you, and you will not go far on the journey of life before you will learn how weak you are, and will remember where the only arm is that is able to hold you.

Decapitation

1. Behead a distance and leave a number,
2. Behead a color and leave a usefnl fluid
3. Behead part of a vessel and leave ancient.
4. Behead a small stone and leave to take a part
5. Behead veracity and leave a girl's name
6. Behead a space of time and leave a pronoun.

Square Word.

Desire; not written: a covering; a girl's name.

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